LETTERS

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

BY

YORICK and ELIZA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

———That ſacred ſenſe of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

AKENSIDE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Meſſrs. PRICE, SHEPPARD, WILKINSON, WILLIAMS, POTTS, CORCORAN, CHAMBERLAINE, JENKIN, WALKER, WILSON, EXSHAW, E. CROSS, BEATTY, HIGLY, and BYRNE.

M DCC LXXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM
12
37
FEB

PREFACE

OF THE

EDITOR.

I Do not aim at impoſing on the world. And though the readers of theſe volumes would, perhaps, very ſoon diſcover that their contents are not genuine,—yet I think it neceſſary to premiſe, as the aſ-

 ſumed

ſumed title is, in ſome meaſure, borrowed from a collection of letters truly original, that theſe are but imitations, written, as the author himſelf declares, for the purpoſe of private amuſement.——There, indeed, he wiſhed to have determined their lot, and to have hid them from every eye but that of Friendſhip: but I had no ſooner read them than I propoſed, and have ſince frequently continued to propoſe, their publication. This propoſition he ſo often and ſo obſtinately refuſed, that I had given up all expectation of ſecuring, in my opinion, an elegant and improving amuſement to the world. At length a ſmall volume, with the title of *Letters, by the late Mr. Sterne*, was publiſhed in London, the originality

lity of which was moſt poſitively aſſerted by the Editor in his Preface, and, if I recollect aright, paſſed current, and not without applauſe, with the gentlemen who conduct the Reviews.——Of theſe Letters, the *fourth*, *fifth*, *ſixth*, *ſeventh*, *eighth*, *ninth*, and *tenth*, were, I well knew, the offspring of that pen which wrote the Contents of the following volumes. —They were written by way of experiment, and made their firſt appearance in a provincial newſpaper; and paſſing on thro' the common channel of Magazines, Chronicles, Evening-Poſts, Journals, &c. &c. &c. were collected together, and, being blended with a few of Mr. Sterne's genuine compoſitions, were publiſhed, with a ſolemn declaration in the preface, that they were all

faithful tranſcripts of original letters in the poſſeſſion of the Editor: ——nay, I perceived, to my very great aſtoniſhment, that one of them had even found its way into Mrs. *Medalle*'s late publication of her father's poſthumous works.

This little volume I delivered to my friend; pointed out to him how much he was concerned in it; and, at the ſame time, obſerved, that, as he had given a copy of the following Letters to a favoured perſon, who might, poſſibly, have entruſted them to ſeveral other favoured perſons, I ſhould not be ſurprized, if they, alſo, were ſoon to make their appearance in public with ſimilar declarations of their authenticity.—He immediately went to his cloſet, and

and reaching from the ſhelf two thin folio paper-books, in marble covers, "There," ſaid he to me, "take them; "—they are now yours, and conſign- "ed to your diſpoſal." I received the manuſcripts with the higheſt ſatisfaction; and as ſoon as the engagements of a country life would permit a journey to the capital, which, indeed, has been much later than I wiſhed or expected, I have committed them to the preſs.——I have not taken the liberty of making the leaſt alteration, but have delivered them to the world in the ſame ſtate in which they were delivered to me.

The partiality of Friendſhip may poſſibly lead me to an higher praiſe of this little work than it deſerves.

—Indeed, I cannot but own that a ſucceſſive peruſal of theſe Letters has encreaſed the pleaſure they at firſt afforded me; and I give them to the Public with an expectation that there will be found many to whom they will adminiſter an equal ſatisfaction.

As to their imitative merits, I ſhall ſay but little;—tho' I believe there will be few who, on reading them, will not be ſometimes put in mind of the ſtyle and manner of the late Mr. *Sterne*'s writings.——With reſpect to myſelf, amid the many *Shandean ſtrokes* which I fancied, at leaſt, that I felt in the peruſal of theſe Letters, I often thought, perhaps too partially, that I diſcovered knots of flowers which ſeemed to have

have been planted by the tender and fanciful Rouſſeau.——But mere imitations of ſtyle and manner are of little value, unleſs they heighten thoſe ſentiments, and enforce thoſe inſtructions, which ſoften and improve the heart.

That theſe Letters are well calculated to produce ſuch beneficial effects is the real belief, and that they may produce them is the ſincere deſire, of

THE EDITOR.

ADDRESS

OF THE

AUTHOR to the READER.

WHOEVER thou art that mayeſt, perchance, peruſe theſe Letters, it may be proper to inform thee that they were written for the purpoſe of private amuſement, and as a relaxation from more ſerious employments.

ments. And as, I hope, thou art a perſon of virtue and good manners, it is not improbable that thou wilt be offended even at the idea of theſe epiſtles being written by married perſons, who, from the nature of thoſe claims to which they are ſubject from their own reſpective connections, are guilty of no ſmall crime in transferring an affection, already beſtowed with the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of fidelity, and looking for a return of the ſame nature, equally unjuſtifiable. But do not, therefore, be afraid to read the Letters throughout: and if, when thou haſt read them, thou ſhouldeſt not find any alteration in thy ſentiments, I muſt beg leave to inform thee, that, as the ſubject was not my own, I was under the neceſſity of taking it up

up in the ſtate I found it, and when I undertook to continue the Letters between YORICK and ELIZA, it was abſolutely neceſſary for me, in order to preſerve ſome appearance of originality, to fall in with the circumſtances which governed this ſingular, though ſincere attachment between them.

I have ſuch an high opinion of the honour, the chaſtity, and the delights of a married life, as to believe that, where there is a ſincere and mutual affection, it is the heaven of this world; and I poſſeſs an equal degree of certainty, that ſuch a correſpondence, as I have ſuppoſed, betrays a very great deficiency of matrimonial happineſs in the parties who compoſe it. But though theſe Letters, from

from the characters of their imaginary writers, may appear, at times, to glow with an unbecoming warmth, they do not, I truſt, contain the leaſt impropriety of ſentiment; and I ſhould think that the laſt Letter will, in ſome meaſure, reconcile thee, however ſcrupulous thou mayeſt be, to the correſpondence. However, if, after all, the idea of YORICK and ELIZA ſhould ſtill be offenſive to thee, change their names, with their ſuppoſed ſituation and character, and only retain the ſentiments. Then, I truſt, thou wilt find nothing in the following pages, but what two pure and faithful ſpirits may breathe towards each other, who love in ſpite of fortune.

The AUTHOR.

LETTERS

FROM

YORICK to ELIZA.

THE winds prove again unfavourable, and the papers inform me that you are returned to the Downs.—With a mind agitated like the waves whereon your ſhip rides impatient, I write to you once more; but this ſhall be my laſt. I can no longer bear this torturing ſlavery of ſuſpence: my nerves are ſhattered in the conflict: I will, therefore, ſuppoſe you

at the inſtant of departure, and that I am ſaying Adieu for the laſt time. The taſk has wrung my heart with anguiſh thrice already, but it ſhall wring it no more. The moment I have diſpatched this letter, I ſhall haſten into the country, where I ſhall not ſee a ſingle newſpaper, or make one enquiry concerning thee, till I am certain that the immenſe ocean is between us.

O Heaven! thy decrees are juſt!—but when I look to the chair on my right hand, and do not ſee Eliza ſitting thereon,---nay, when I conſider that ſhe is ſurrounded by the dangers of a faithleſs element, with her face towards a far, far diſtant country, and that ſhe may never ſit beſide me more,---while I acknowledge thy juſtice, I become an object of thy mercy.

It would ſave us, my deareſt girl, a world of pain if I ſtopped here: it would ſave us a flood of tears alſo; for mine are now pacing down my cheeks, and blot

blot the letters, as thou ſeeſt, while my trembling fingers give them their imperfect form:—but let them remain as they are. When thine eyes, my Eliza, meet this page, they will flow alſo; and it will be wet with the ſorrows of thy faithful heart.—I know not how it is, but a kind of melancholy apprehenſion has ſeized my ſpirits, which whiſpers to me that I ſhall never ſee thee again.—— Life is uncertain to the moſt robuſt conſtitution; and thine is weak, and tender, and delicate. The burning ſuns of India will parch thy poor frame to duſt: the ſparkling fluid of thine eyes will be dried up; and thou wilt ſcarce be able to raiſe thy languid arm to thine heart, as the ſign of affection, when thou biddeſt ſome faithful ſpirit bear thy laſt farewel to me.

Thou art, ſurely, the ſweeteſt ſacrifice that was ever offered up to inflexible Duty! Thou lieſt, poor, bleeding victim! on the altar, and thy friend cannot untie the cords that bind and keep thee

captive there.—Oh! that I could take thee to ſome mild and genial climate; there cheriſh thy health; and, in thy ſick hours, ſit whole nights watching on thy bed beſide thee!—Amid the fading beauties of the evening ſun, we would wander near ſome gentle ſtream; and, when we had loſt ourſelves in the valley, thou ſhouldeſt make the Echoes wonder at the delicious warblings of thy enchanting voice.——Oh, my Eliza! what a bright viſion of delight is paſſed away! The ſeparation, I had almoſt ſaid the eternal ſeparation, is made between us,---and I ſhall be deſolate.

With ſuch a heart as thou haſt, you cannot wonder that I thus linger in ſaying Farewel, when it may be a farewel for ever. Theſe are awful words, my dear Eliza, either to write or ſpeak; but the ſentiment they convey to me is real miſery and anguiſh of ſpirit.—My boſom bleeds at this moment.—Thou beſt of women, Adieu!—May the God of Peace ſpeak peace temporal and eternal to thy

boſom! May it never more heave with ſorrow; but delight, and joy, and comfort, take up their habitation therein.

Forgive me, I beſeech thee, if I urge the melancholy tale too far.—Yes, I ſee thee weep, thou good and grateful girl! —Oh, may thoſe tears be the laſt thou wilt ever ſhed, till ſome tongue ſhall tell thee, He is no more! He is gone down to the gates of death!—Then ſhalt thou weep again! and, from thenceforwards may the fountain of thy tears be dried up for ever!

To the great Author of my life it is only known; but I have a ſtrange preſentiment that it will not be long ere my heart, which now throbs with anguiſh, will be cold, and throb no more; and the hand which now obeys its tender impulſe will be mouldered into duſt.—My laſt looks, Eliza, will be to thee; and my trembling tongue will faintly murmur thy name, till it is bound faſt in eternal ſilence!

All-gracious Power!—who doſt govern the world with unerring wiſdom,—if, in thy decrees, this painful ſeparation is judged to be beſt for us,---it muſt be ſo!---but, ſurely, the ties that bind our hearts together pierce through time to another world!—In thy mercy grant that they may be made perfect there!

Reſting then, my deareſt Eliza, on this hope, let us catch every tranſient ray of comfort that may beam from thence to warm and illuminate our hearts. Let the purity of our affections, the conſtancy of our love, and even our mutual ſorrows, beget comfort to our ſouls!

Thy picture, which thou didſt tie about my neck with thine own hands, and will go down to my grave with me, ſhall be a taliſman to preſerve my heart from turning a momentary regard to any object but thyſelf. Thou art the queen of it! Thy triumphs crown, and thy virtues adorn it.—That I ſpeak truth, when I tell thee of my moſt pure and

and ſincere love for thee, I call that juſt Being to witneſs, to whom I ſtand accountable for every ſentiment in this and every other letter which I have written, or may hereafter write, to thee; and who will one day judge me for them.

As I began, ſo I muſt conclude.—Theſe blots tell the ſad tale of my heart!---Accept, then, my kind and moſt affectionate adieu!---In this or a better world we ſhall meet again.---But, while I write my letter, the wind, perhaps, favours your departure, and you will not receive it.---Hark!---I hear the ſhouts of the ſeamen!---the ſails are unfurled!---the winds bear thee rapidly away!---I ſtand upon the beach---I view thy flying veſſel, and catch the laſt faint image of it!---Alas it is now loſt!---My eyes no longer behold it!---In vain I wave my handkerchief to thee: a wide waſte of waters ſurrounds thee, and thou canſt not ſee it.---The immenſe, the trackleſs ocean divides us from each other.---Fare thee well, then, my dear Eliza!---

Receive the ſad adieu, and cheriſh in thy remembrance the fond affection of thy

YORICK.

P. S. Although I have ſaid farewel to thee once for all, Eliza, if adverſe winds ſhould prolong thy ſtay in the Downs, do not follow my example, but continue to write thy adieus to me, by any and every opportunity, to the laſt. I ſhall receive and bleſs them, on my return to town. And even on thy voyage, Eliza, why ſhouldeſt thou not be continually writing to thy Yorick, as he will be to thee? So that you may always have ſome intelligence of yourſelf ready to ſend me, if you ſhould meet with any ſhip bound for England. Then, tell thy Captain that thou doſt ardently deſire to ſend ſome account of thyſelf to thy beſt friend, and he will inſtantly ſlacken his ſails, that thy wiſh may be accompliſhed: and when thou

thou dôſt return thy acknowledgments for his kindneſs towards thee, the bleſſings of thy Yorick ſhall go along with them.

YORICK *to* ELIZA.

Saturday Evening.

AS I did not find any tidings of thee, my Eliza, on my arrival in town this morning, I conclude that my laſt letter did not reach thee,—or, at leaſt, you had not any opportunity of ſending me an anſwer. ——Indeed, to tell thee the truth, I almoſt wiſh that it may have been too late, —and be now ſleeping in the poſt-office at Deal.——I was under a load of melancholy apprehenſions when I wrote it,—and it would have told thee ſo;—for this poor thin-ſpun frame of mine, buffeted withal as it has been of late, cannot have much time in ſtore; and ſo fully am I convinced of this being the caſe, that I cannot, in my moſt fanciful moments, delude myſelf into an expectation that I ſhall live to hail thy return. Even the eye of Hope

Hope grows dim when I turn it towards the proſpect of paſſing any part of my remaining life with thee.———Such ideas as theſe, with many other melancholy forebodings, broke in ſo powerfully upon my reſolution, that, though I endeavoured, with all my might, to rally back my ſcattered ſpirits, and to write chearfully to thee,—it was in vain:—and the mournful pages of my letter, if thou haſt received it, have already told thee that my philoſophy ſuffered a total defeat.——Sorrow triumphed over thy Yorick!——It erected its ſtandard in his very heart!——in thy heart, Eliza!—for it is thine,—and ſo it will remain till its pulſes *beat no more!*

By this time, I hope, thy ſickneſs has abated,—that the luſtre ceaſes to languiſh in thine eye, and the paleneſs to ſit upon thy cheek!——My prayers are continual for thee, my child!—in my morning hymn thou art remembered,—and in my

my evening ſacrifice thou art not forgotten.

I mean to be continually writing a journal of my heart, and ſnatch all opportunities of ſending it to thee. It is but right that thou ſhouldeſt be informed concerning what is ſo much thine own property.——I am but the ſteward of it, and conſider myſelf as accountable to its miſtreſs for every thing which paſſes therein. —— Its thoughts,—its wiſhes,—its deſigns,—its caprices,—its virtues,—nay, its weakneſſes, are all thine, and thou ſhalt receive a faithful account of them.—— This I will perform with the moſt ſacred fidelity, as I have already promiſed, "*till thou waveſt thine hand, and biddeſt* "*me write no more.*"

Good night, Eliza!——May thy pillow be ſoft as thy heart, and thy dreams as the viſions of a good ſpirit!

Monday-

Monday-night, 11 *o'Clock*.

I GIVE the gariſh day to the world!—I reſerve the night for my Eliza;—and, in the ſilence of it, my ſpirit communes with hers!—I paſſed the whole of yeſterday with thy friends and thy Yorick's friends, the * *.——They love thee moſt ſincerely,—and could talk of nothing but thee.—No other ſubject broke in, even for a moment, on the favourite theme of us all:—and when we did not ſpeak of thee and of thy virtues,——we were ſilent.

—At the cloſe of the evening we had been in this ſituation for ſome time, when, I know not how, an involuntary tender ejaculation eſcaped me:—it was,—"Poor, "dear Eliza!"—and ſoon after, turning my eyes to Mrs. * *, who was ſitting on the ſopha beſide me, I beheld her face bathed in tears:——I therefore took a white handkerchief out of my pocket, and, as they flowed in ſtreams down her pale cheek, I wiped them away.——It was an

office

office in which every fine affection, every tender feeling, every delicious ſentiment, was awake.—I could have worſhipped her!—and if it were poſſible for me to love her better than I do already, I moſt aſſuredly ſhould for this laſt ſweet inſtance of her love to thee.——This little ſtory, my Eliza, is not for the many; they would not feel or underſtand it:—but for the few, the very few,———ſuch as thou art!

What ſhoals there are of dull heads and cold hearts in the world!——But with all their proverbs and their prudence, I bleſs Heaven, upon my knees, ten times a day, that I am not of the number.——Then ſhould I not have known thee, or, which is the ſame thing, I ſhould not have been ſenſible of thy unparalleled excellence,—the contemplation whereof fills me with delight, and opens every generous veſſel of my heart to receive the gentle and friendly virtues.

But, while I am writing, it rains a deluge, and the winds blow an hurricane.——

Mayeſt

Mayeſt thou be far beyond the reach of them!——Heaven preſerve thee, my child, from the ſtorms of the ſea, and the ſtorms of life;—and make the elements to which thou art now expoſed, gentle as thine own nature!

Good night, I kiſs thy hand, Eliza!—and if there ſhould be a tear upon thy cheek, I kiſs it away!——Fare thee well!——I go to my repoſe, with my beſt prayers to Heaven for thine.

Wedneſday Evening, 8 o'Clock.

THRICE did I this morning dip my pen into my ink-horn, with the intention of proceeding in my journal; and thrice did I wipe it dry, and return it to its place.——My ſpirits were not in uniſon with thine.——I had been in the world, and caught the infection of it.—It was ſtrange, ſurely, very ſtrange; and I was out of humour with myſelf, that I ſhould

ſhould ſit down to converſe with one of the beſt beings in the world, in a frame of mind which had been produced by converſing with ſome of the worſt.——I had breakfaſted at a coffee-houſe, among pert, ignorant enſigns, and grey-haired letchers;—and from thence I returned to my lodgings, to ſit down and write to thee.———I do not wonder that when I invoked thy ſpirit, it would not hear me; and I moſt heartily aſk thy grace and pardon for attempting to do it in a ſtate of mind ſo ill ſuited to the beſt taſk of my life.———You will ſay, perhaps, What buſineſs had I in ſuch company?——The queſtion, it muſt be acknowledged, is very juſt; and I will anſwer it by telling thee that I had buſineſs there!——Beſides, a ſentimental philoſopher, like myſelf, has buſineſs everywhere;—and an occaſional engagement in ſuch ſocieties as theſe, or even worſe, though they may baniſh ſentiment for a ſhort time, will, in ſome cool hour, be the very means of calling it forth to the moſt excellent purpoſes.———Remember this obſervation,

tion, indubitably founded in truth,—that, if you hate the vicious,—their converſation cannòt harm you!

Do thy ſhipmates, Eliza, anſwer the expectation thou haſt formed of them? ——I truſt and hope that your good-nature and benevolence, whereof I cannot ſay too much, did not get the better of your diſcernment in the account your letter gave me of them.——By the bye, my deareſt girl! I am almoſt diſpoſed to be jealous of the young Son of Battle who accompanies thee.——Not, believe me, that I want confidence in thee, or have any fears for thy diſcretion, or doubts of thy ſincerity; but I am really apprehenſive that he will fall violently in love with thee.——To ſpeak my mind, I think it almoſt impoſſible to be otherwiſe.——In the ſame ſhip with Eliza for ſix whole months together!——Oh! he muſt be a ſavage indeed,—and poſſeſs a moſt depraved ſpirit, if thy charms do not melt him to the tender paſſion.——And tho', I think, nay, am confident, that I have as few

few narrow ſentiments or ſordid prejudices about me as moſt people,—yet, with regard to thee, I feel a diſpoſition to monopoly, which nothing but thy matchleſs and invaluable ſelf can juſtify.——— Tho' I would have all the world honour, reſpect, nay, admire thee,—yet I alone, if poſſible, would be permitted to love thee.——They might ſee the diamond at a diſtance, and be charmed with its brilliance, but I alone would wear it at my heart.——I deſire and beſeech thee to tell me if he has made love to thee.—This I have a right to claim of my Eliza, in return for the right which I have given her, of claiming any thing and every thing of me.——I hope the pianoforte keeps in tune, or, at leaſt, with the directions I gave thee, that thou art able to tune it thyſelf.——May it oftentimes, with its ſoft notes, turn thine ear from the daſhing of the billows!

With the friendly ſociety which, I flatter myſelf, you now poſſeſs,——the little amuſements with which thy cabin

is

is furniſhed, the letters of thy Yorick, and the frequent reflection how much he loves thee,—thy heart may now begin to ſit lighter in thy boſom.———May no ſorrow ever weigh it down again!——and may the end of thy voyage prove the end of thy afflictions!

This is the votive offering which thy Yorick will breathe from his pillow to the Creator and Preſerver of all things!—— To his kind care and Protection I recommend thee, with my Lydia——and with myſelf.

Thurſday Morning, 11 o'Clock, at Breakfaſt.

I HAVE, within this half-hour, received a note from Mr. ———, informing me, that, if I will make up my packet for the Madeiras, and let him have it on Sunday, he will take care and forward it to my Eliza.——It is not to be expreſſed

expreſſed what a kind, complacent joy has taken poſſeſſion of me on account of this intelligence. This is the only pleaſant breakfaſt I have made ſince thy departure; for full bitter have been my meals, and oftentimes has my bread been watered with my tears for thy ſake.—This paper will ſoon be in thy hands:—Oh, that I could accompany it to thee! for, believe me, my dear girl, if the ſea were out of the queſtion, the diſtance would be nothing; and I would take my chariot of iron, and put horſemen therein, and make the wheels of it to roll rapidly towards thee.

Whenever thou writeſt, tell me the real ſtate of thy mind, and of thyſelf: hide nothing from me: no event that concerns thee can be too minute for one who intereſts himſelf in thy welfare ſo much and ſo ſincerely as I do. If thou art unhappy, tell me ſo, that I may conſole and weep over thee, and direct thy thoughts to that ſtate where all tears will be wiped from off thy cheeks for ever.

ever. If thou doſt enjoy comfort, tell me of the bleſſing, that I may thank Heaven for having heard my prayers.—Miſery does ill to addreſs itſelf to the generality of mankind, an inhoſpitable race, unleſs it can adminiſter flattery to ſome favourite and darling paſſion. But there is an eternal Friend who will ſtoop to its complaints, and oftentimes raiſe up earthly ones to execute the deſigns of mercy: and I truſt, my deareſt Eliza! that I am ſuch with reſpect to thee; and that a wiſe, over-ruling, benignant Providence did not bind me to thee by ſuch pure and ſacred ties, but with ſome deſign to our mutual advantage.

I write to you as I wiſh you would write to me,—from the heart. Varniſh nothing; diſguiſe nothing. Do not ſtudy arrangement or order, but whatever ſentiment, opinion, or event floats upon the mind, commit it to your paper,—as I do. Letters written in this manner, with all their inaccuracies, are as ſuperior to the ſtudied and even admired productions

tions I have ſeen and read, as a meand'ring river to a Dutch canal.

The language of the head, like the wiſdom of the head, is uſeful, and may be neceſſary in the mechanical drudgeries of life; but in the tender communications and reciprocal embaſſies of love and friendſhip,—between Yorick and his Eliza,—all, all, believe me, is leather and prunella, but the language of the heart, and the wiſdom of the heart!

In writing of the heart, it this moment occurs to me to inform thee of a little deſign which I meditate towards thine.—My picture, though a good likeneſs, does not quite ſatisfy me: and I ſhould wiſh, ſince, by the will of Heaven, you are thus ſeparated from me, and may be ſo for ever, that the beſt poſſible repreſentation of your Friend and Bramin might be continually with you.—I am reſolved, therefore, to have a few caſts in plaiſter of Paris from the marble buſto of me done by the celebrated *Nollikens* when

when I was at Rome; a couple of which I will order to be well glazed in imitation of marble, and ſend them to thee in the Eaſt.—The original one I intend to bequeath to Mr. —— when I die, that he may perform the kind, melancholy office of placing it on my tomb.—The likeneſs, you know, is very exact; and what with the picture and the buſto, thy penetrating eye may, at any time, catch the moſt perfect reſemblance of me, and continually enliven that image which I believe to be in thy heart.

I am the more particular in this little commiſſion I have given myſelf, becauſe I have oftentimes found it impoſſible to recal to my memory an exact perſonal repreſentation of thoſe whom I have known longeſt, and loved beſt: nay, I have found the aſſiſtance even of well-taken portraits ineffectual; ſo that a fruitleſs attempt to recal a particular image has ſometimes employed me till I have been quite low-ſpirited.——How it is with others in this reſpect, I know not;

not; and I am equally ignorant how it may be with thee:—but be that as it may, I am reſolved, you ſee, my dear Eliza, to provide againſt it, by giving you every means of aſſiſting your recollection, if it ſhould poſſeſs the weakneſs of mine.——But this declaration tells me that ſelf-love has more to do in this little arrangement than I was at firſt aware of.——Be it ſo! I am not aſhamed of,—nay, I applaud the principle, when it looks to ſuch an heavenly object as yourſelf.——At all events, however, I believe, and am certain, that the preſent will be truly acceptable to thee;—and ſure I am, that, if God ſpares my life, I ſhall receive a thouſand of thy grateful thanks for it.——But I will acknowledge—and what reaſon is there in nature why I ſhould not—that I ſhall, moſt aſſuredly, add an harmleſs inch or two of importance to myſelf from this pleaſing buſineſs. At this moment I anticipate the tender ſatisfaction I ſhall feel in packing the buſtos for their voyage, and—as I ſhake the laſt whiſp of hay into the caſe that contains them

them—in bidding them bear my moſt kind and affectionate greetings to Eliza.

They are already arrived!—and I ſee thee, with a gentle hand, and a moſt lovely impatience, aſſiſt in forcing open the caſe wherein thy Yorick placed them. ——Thy anxious fears are removed;—they have not received the leaſt injury, and are carried immediately, by thy order, into thine own cloſet.——Agitated by a thouſand tender ſentiments, and with tears in thine eyes, I ſee thee enter to them, and, having locked the door upon thyſelf and them, I behold thee, with thy ſilk handkerchief, wipe the duſt from off their faces; and, having gazed tenderly upon them for a few moments, and preſſed a chaſte kiſs upon both their foreheads, thy gentle nature can hold out no longer—and thy tears guſh forth in ſtreams from their ſacred fountains.———Thy Bramin, my deareſt Eliza! receives thy tears as the grateful tribute of affection—He mingles his own with them!

Friday Night, 10 *o'Clock.*

I HAVE been racking my invention this whole day for ſomething to ſend thee, which may add to the ſtock of thy little pleaſures and ſatisfactions during thy thy voyage.——Books you have already, ſufficient for every purpoſe of profit or amuſement.———Indeed, beyond a certain number of ſelect authors, books become a real burthen. I ſhould except thoſe who are employed in the trade of reading; for they, poor ſouls! muſt have their tools to work withal.

A great book, ſays the Greek Philoſopher, is a great evil.——You may laugh, and tell me you ſuppoſe I think ſo, and wiſh the world to be of the ſame opinion, as I have formed my own works into ſuch ſmall volumes, that a man of a moderate diſpatch in reading may get rid of half a dozen of them in a morning. I tell thee, huſſey, that every writer ſhould have ſome regard to the eyes and convenience of his reader, and not give him a book which is

ſo

ſo large that he cannot move it out of his ſtudy, and has a print ſo ſmall, that he may repent of having read it, with tears in his eyes, as long as he lives.

I have myſelf met with ſome of theſe mercileſs authors, or more mercileſs printers; for the fault is more generally in the latter than the former, who, under a pretence of giving what they call a good penny-worth, have occaſioned my eyes ſo much pain in the peruſal of their diminutive types, that I have wiſhed all their publications, without reſerve, were bundled together with Rabelais' Decretals of the Church, and, being uſed in the ſame neceſſary buſineſs, might produce the ſame unpleaſant effects.——What they were, unleſs you have read Rabelais' works, which I believe is not the caſe, you cannot tell;—nor does it ſignify.——You need not think about it; for, if you were to gueſs an hour every day during your whole voyage, it would be of little conſequence: and if I were really to tell you, though there is no harm in it, and

your phyſician ſays worſe things to you every time you ſee him,—and tho' I am your friend, and ought to have more privileges, in every reſpect, than one who is paid by you for an occaſional attendance,—yet I well know that you would, half ſmiling at the ſame time, cry out, "Triſtram! Triſtram! I fear you are "going to be naughty;" and ſo on!——Thus I become ſilent, and your curioſity is ——I will not ſay what, but return to my ſubject,—from whence, indeed, I have contrived to ſtray ſo far, that, by your leave, I muſt look back a few lines to ſee what it is like——O!—I have it!

—Beſides, though my books are ſmall, I mean that their contents ſhould be extenſive.——I did not write merely to be read,—but to be ſtudied. Every page requires ſtudy,—and the reader who does them and me juſtice, will not get through the ſmalleſt of the volumes ſo ſoon as its external appearance may lead him to imagine.——It is not the number of leaves

or

or words which conſtitute the real bulk of the volume,—but the matter it contains; and there may be many a book which a man might carry in his breeches—what the deuce am I writing?—in his waiſt-coat pocket, or a lady in her work-bag, which, when meaſured by this juſt rule of dimenſion, would be found of a much larger ſize than many a cumbrous folio which ſleeps—and may all ſuch for ever ſleep——on the ſhelf of ſome college library!

—And further,—if I do not deceive myſelf,—and my writings convey thoſe ſentiments and feelings which I mean they ſhould,—the reader will not be ſorry that the volume which contains them is of ſo ſmall dimenſion as to be put in his pocket and not burthen his ſober walk.

To tell thee the truth, Eliza, I wrote for the wiſe, and not for fools:—and, when I am dead and gone, the petty pe-

 tulance

tulance of ſnappiſh ſnarling critics will be over, and my books will have juſtice done them by men whoſe applauſe will honour them, and make the bay-tree flouriſh over my grave.

—So much for Triſtram Shandy!—and now for thee, my deareſt Eliza!—the faireſt volume of nature's works!——I, who read ſo many of them, declare thy ſuperior excellence.——There is not a page of thee which, when I repeat it, does not make me better.—How much I am indebted to thee!—Indeed, I cannot tell how much; nor how inadequate my expreſſions are to what I think of and feel towards thee, thou moſt charming and gracious of thy ſex!

I have been dining to day where you were the ſubject of ſome hours converſation.—People who uſed to be entertained by me, now find me dull upon every other, and, therefore, ſtart it for their own ſakes.——Touch this ſtring, and I am inſtantly awake to every delicious ſenſation.

———There

——There is a magical power in thy name which is irreſiſtable:----at leaſt I find it ſo;---and long, very long, may it continue! for when this charm loſes its influence over me, I ſhall begin to entertain very deſpicable notions of myſelf; and ſelf-contempt is the laſt finiſhing of human depravity.——Not one of the company with whom I paſſed this afternoon were ſo happy as to know thee;---and now there is not one of them but is unhappy becauſe he did not know thee. ——I talked and chaunted of my goddeſs for two hours together; and ſhould have continued the pleaſing ſtrain, had not an impertinent hoarſeneſs taken poſſeſſion of my ſpeech, and made me ſilent:---for thy praiſes, which no trumpet could ſpeak too loud, were not to be rendered imperfect by my whiſperings. But do not, my dear, imagine I beſeech you, or have any the leaſt apprehenſions that I profane your name by a common and promiſcuous uſe of it.——Truſt, truſt thy Yorick in this and every-thing which concerns thee.—— You know that I am not unacquainted

with the human character, and can judge tolerably well of mankind:---reſt, therefore, aſſured that I will never ſuffer thy name to glide from my lips into any ear that I do not believe, nay, know to be the avenue to a good heart; and, in ſuch a ſanctuary, whenever and wherever I may find it, I will at all times depoſit thy virtues.

There are few women I ever mentioned thy name to!---And when the generality of them, which is often the caſe, mention thy name to me, I always anſwer with that kind of civility which precludes all further enquiry.——I muſt tell my Eliza, though it is but a melancholy truth, that ſhe is not to be truſted with her own ſex: ---for, I fear, it ſometimes happens that they who do not poſſeſs exalted virtues themſelves, are diſpoſed to envy them in others, and indulge their jealous ſpirits in very low, diſhonourable, and pernicious gratifications.——Though the Graces and many of the Virtues are repreſented, by the poets, under forms of Women,

---ſo

—ſo are alſo the Furies, and many of the Vices.——Thou art a bright emblem of all the former!—and ſhould I ſwerve from truth, think you, if I was to hint that there are thoſe of your ſex who would, to the life, repreſent the latter?——I have reaſon to think thou haſt had a woeful experience, which would make thee ſigh, and anſwer,——No!—No!

May thy good angel preſerve thee from all falſe friends and ſecret enemies;—and may that tongue be bliſtered which joins diſhonour to Eliza's name!——— Nay, thou poor, perſecuted damſel, be not afraid!—I will furbiſh up my armour, —and ſharpen my ſpear,—and brighten my target,—and put a new vizor to my helmet, and be thy knight,—and ſally forth, my fairer Dulcinea, in defence of thy injured virtue,—fearleſs of the moſt furious monſters or monſtreſſes who may attack me.——That muſt be a brave foe indeed who dares me to the combat!—Conquer he cannot;—for God will weaken the arm that aims another dart at bleeding

innocence.——Thoſe wounds, which you have already received, have, I hope, well nigh loſt their anguiſh.———If not, let thy Yorick pour the pure oil of love and friendſhip into them:—it will give thee eaſe, and, perhaps, cloſe them up:—and when thou doſt, ſometimes, view the ſcars which they leave behind—think not of their malice who gave the wounds,—but of that loving-kindneſs which healed them for ever.——Adieu!—The clock, which ſtands before me on the table, tells me that it draws near to the twelfth hour.———At the midnight watch, Eliza,—I think on thee!

Saturday Morning, 10 *o'Clock.*

—I'll tell thee a ſtory, my dear girl!—and I do it the more readily, becauſe I think it will give thee comfort, and help to create a good opinion in you of that order of men of whom you now ſee ſo much—I mean the ſeamen.——This I

wiſh

wiſh you to entertain; for there is not any thing which will be found to add ſo much to the comfort and the honour too of life, as the poſſeſſing favourable ſentiments of thoſe with whom we are to paſs the time of it.——They beget kindly diſpoſitions; and from them ſpring mutual good offices,—and with theſe life paſſes on gladly and profitably,—and as it ought to do.——Oh, that I could paſs mine, Eliza, in thy preſence,—then would my heart rejoice!——Without thee I may,—nay, I will be reſigned,—for it is my duty; tho' I am afraid that I ſhall not be quite contented.

—But to the ſtory!——*

—A few mornings ago,—I remember it was a rainy one,—as I was paſſing haſtily

* This ſtory has already appeared in a little local work, called the *Philoſopher in Briſtol*;—but although it may be found there,—yet, as it was originally written for theſe volumes, it ſtands in its proper place.—This acknowledgment, it is preſumed, will, in the opinion of the candid reader, ſave the Editor from the imputation of purpoſely making any-one pay twice for the ſame thing.

through

through one of the narrow ſtreets in Weſtminſter, I was very much ſtruck with a melancholy figure of a blind man, who was ſinging a ſong of love.—Miſery could not have found, among the number of diſtreſſed mortals, a form more ſuited to her nature.

While I was contemplating the wretchedneſs of the object, and comparing it with the ſtrain which neceſſity compelled him to chaunt;—a ſailor, who came whiſtling along the ſtreet, with a ſtick under his arm, ſtopped and purchaſed a ballad.—God preſerve you, whoever you are! ſaid the blind man; for I have not taſted bread this bleſſed day:—when the ſailor, looking round him, on a ſudden ſprung up four ſteps into a baker's ſhop near which he ſtood,—and, returning immediately, thruſt a ſmall loaf, ſilently, into the poor man's hand,—and went off whiſtling as he came.

I was ſo affected with this truly noble act of generoſity, that I called the honeſt ſeaman back to me,—and taking the little

ſilver

ſilver I had about me, which, I think, was but four ſhillings,—Thy nobleneſs of ſoul, ſaid I, and the goodneſs of thy heart, my lad, which I have juſt ſeen ſo bright an inſtance of, makes me ſorry that I cannot reward thee as thou doſt deſerve.——However, I muſt beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a ſmall teſtimony how much I admire thy generous nature.——God bleſs your noble honour, ſaid the ſailor, and thank you!—but we will divide the prize money fairly;—ſo, ſtepping back to the blind man, he gave him half of it,—and, clapping him on the ſhoulder at the ſame time, he added withal,—Therearetwo ſhillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who ſtands within five yards of you:—ſo get into harbour and make thyſelf warm,—and keep thy humſtrum for fair weather.——Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head,—he thanked me again, and went nimbly down the ſtreet.

—I ſhall

—I ſhall not, my Eliza, make any obſervations upon this little ſtory,—but leave thy excellent heart to make them for itſelf. ———I truſt, however, that, when thou ſeeſt any of thine own ſeamen,—thou will think of mine;—and, as often as thou mayeſt reflect upon this deed of generoſity,—I deſire that you will think it can only be equalled by the kind affection of

Thy YORICK.

In the Afternoon.

—WHY ſhould I let any quarter of an hour paſs by me,—I mean a ſentimental one,—without adding to my journal, more eſpecially as it muſt ſo ſoon be diſpatched to thee?———Beſides, I am always the better for the employment.——Indeed, I ſeldom or never think of thee, Eliza, but it is with a complacency of ſpirit which kindles the fineſt, gentleſt feelings of the heart:—and I never experience a greater luxury

luxury of ſentiment than when I am calling thee to my remembrance!—and when I have thus brought thee before me, I kneel down,—and count over thy virtues with more devotion than a Carthuſian does his beads;—and at every one of them I offer a petition to Heaven, that they may be continued to thee, with all thy charms and graces, till you join the ſpirits of your fathers.

—When I am at Coxwould in the ſummer,—what a ſweet companion will thy idea be unto me; and what new pleaſures will it afford me when I go and viſit my nuns!—I give this title to an afternoon pilgrimage I frequently make to the ruins of a Benedictine monaſtery, about a mile and a half from my cottage.

Theſe remains are ſituated on the banks of a clear, gliding ſtream; on the oppoſite ſide whereof riſes a bold ridge of hills, thick with wood,—and finely varied by jutting rocks and broken precipices;—and theſe are ſo very abrupt, that they not only

by

by their magnitude, but by the ſhade they caſt, encreaſe the ſolemnity of the place. —Many parts of the ruin are ſtill entire; the refectory is almoſt perfect, and great part of the chapel has hitherto defied the power of time ----A few bunches of alders grow fantaſtically among the broken columns, and contraſt, with their verdure, the dark green ivy which clings to the walls.---But it is not all ſolitude and ſilence! —A few cottages are ſcattered here and there in the ſuburbs of this venerable pile, which has, I ſuppoſe, furniſhed the materials for erecting them.

To this place, after my coffee, unleſs prevented by inclement ſkies, I guide my daily ſteps.—The path-way leads, by a gentle deſcent, thro' many beautiful encloſures and embowering thickets,—which gradually prepare the mind for the deep impreſſions which this ſolemn place never fails to make on mine.——There I reſt againſt a pillar till ſome affecting ſentiment brings tears upon my cheek:—ſometimes I ſit me down upon a ſtone,

and

and pluck up the weeds that grow about it:—then, perhaps, I lean over a neighbouring gate, and watch the gliding brook before me, and liſten awhile to its gentle murmurs;—they are oftentimes in uniſon with my feelings.———Here it is that I catch thoſe *ſombre* tints of ſentiment which I ſometimes give to the world,—to humanize and rob it of its ſpleen.——— Here it is, Eliza, that, reflecting on what is moſt excellent in nature,—I ſhall ſigh for thee!

If Heaven, my child, would be ſo gracious to me as to guide thy feet to my habitation,—thou ſhouldeſt accompany me to theſe my ſolitary haunts.———I would introduce thee to every embowered arch, and every rugged ſtone;—and not a ſingle ſhrub, which ſhelters itſelf from the blaſt within theſe venerable walls, but ſhould be thy acquaintance, as it has been mine.———Here you would always ſee me in my real character, which, you know, is a grave one; though few people will believe me when I tell them

them ſo.———Alas, Eliza! ten times a day do I lament my weakneſs, which ſuffers me to be ſo led away by my ſpirits and my folly as to give them cauſe to doubt my aſſertion.———I think, my dear, I will take thy advice,—be content with the thouſands of fools I have made laugh,—cloſe my accounts on that ſcore,—live leſs to the world, I mean to the aſſes of it,—and more to myſelf.——— Sometimes I have had a thought of putting up my hobby-horſe and cap with bells to public auction;——and I doubt not but ſome one would be found among the herd of wealthy fools, who, like the ſilly purchaſer of Epictetus's lamp, would give more for them than they are worth an hundred times told.———Indeed, theſe baubles have been a mine of gold to me;—but their real intrinſic value is ſo ſmall, that I am almoſt aſhamed of myſelf for having paſſed them for ſterling currency.

I am not quite clear whether this thought owes its birth to the ſuggeſtions of my own

own vanity, or the diſguſt I have to the herd of money-getting and money-ſpending fools.—I always deſpiſed them;—but I never do it ſo thoroughly, and ſo much from the bottom of my heart, as when I have been converſing with my nuns, and learned from them, that all the buſtle of ambition, the purſuit of fame, and the deſire of riches, are but vanity, and, what is worſe, vexation of ſpirit:——that the only laudable ſource of pride is the little good we can do to one another;——that to love our neighbour, to fear our God, and be reſigned to his diſpenſations, form the beſt ſecurity againſt the calamities of life, and will alone enable us to paſs with comfort, thro' the valley of death, to a better and eternal world.

May we, my Eliza, meet together there!

Amen, and Adieu.

Sunday

Sunday Morning.

AS I am to deliver my pacquet to Mr. ——— this evening, I mean to paſs the whole of the day in enlarging and compleating it. ——— I have juſt read all that it hitherto contains, and am ſatisfied it will give thee pleaſure; and, what is more and better, will afford thee conſolation. ——— It will aſſiſt you, my child, when your own doubts and perplexities prevent you from aſſiſting yourſelf.

To ſpeak my real ſentiments, I know of no ſource from whence you could draw ſuch good and ſalutary counſels as from your own wiſdom, provided you will have confidence in it, and truſt to it. ——— But knowing, as I do, how ſmall a ſhare of reſolution you have on that ſcore. ——— and to what waverings and difficulties you are ſubject, — I have interwoven in this journal, and ſhall continue to do in all my future ones, ſuch admonitions as every poſſible

poſſible exigency, into which thou ſhouldeſt happen to fall, may require.——They are ſuch as thou wouldeſt have given thyſelf,—if thy reſolution in thine own concerns was equal to that which thou haſt ſhewn in the cauſe of others.——They are good and will avail thee!——My Eliza will find them a balmy cordial in her ſpiritleſs and dejected moments.

Hope all things!——I ſay, Hope all things!——and as this is Scripture,—and it is Sunday into the bargain,—I will make it my text,—and preach thee a farewell ſermon upon it.

"Hope all Things!"

Some will tell you, perhaps, my fair and dear hearer! that hope is but a deluſion,—an *ignis fatuus*, which if you follow it, will lead you into the moſt fatal errors and perplexities.——Believe me, I have no greater hopes of people who advance this doctrine, than they ſeem to have for themſelves:—for, be they who may

may, or whatever title they may have obtained in the world for Knowledge and Philoſophy, they can have no pretenſions to either, as Reaſon and Religion will convince them, if they make the enquiry, that the beſt and nobleſt actions of human nature ariſe from the influence of that affection and principle, whoſe excellence they doubt:—and, if they think it a mark of ſuperior talents to deceive others, and to ſport with the weakneſs and credulity of their fellow-creatures, they are not only fooliſh, but criminal, in endeavouring to poiſon thoſe ſprings from whence every rill of human comfort flows.——They are themſelves the *ignes fatui*, the deluſive vapours, which, hovering over the marſh and the bog from whence they ariſe, lead the bewildered traveller to his deſtruction.

There are numbers of weak, bold perſons in the world, who have acquired a character of ſome eminence for knowledge and diſcernment, by nothing more than a daring oppoſition to popular opi-

nions,

nions, and an audacious denial of eſtabliſhed truths.———Ignorance, aſſiſted by a low cunning, which very often accompanies it, may imagine, that, if it can but join itſelf to ſome kind of ſingularity, it may paſs for knowledge;—and ſo it may—among fools;——the wiſe know better;—they ſoon diſcern the trick, and treat the vain pretender with the contempt he deſerves.———I have met with many of theſe gentry in my time, and expoſed not a few of them:—they know me now,—and avoid me.

To ſuppoſe that life could ſubſiſt without Hope, or that it is beneath the dignity of human nature to cultivate and encourage it, is an idea which could enter into the wiſhes of none but the weakeſt or worſt of men,—a dream which can only play upon the moſt enthuſiaſtic fancy.——*Rochefocault*, who is a declared enemy to the dignity of our nature, and, of courſe, to thoſe paſſions which were implanted in us to exalt it,—even he allows Hope to be of ſome uſe; for, with all its deceitfulneſs,

he

he obſerves, that it conducts us, as we travel through life, a more eaſy and pleaſant way to our journey's end.———Alas! alas! my Eliza, Hope never deceives us; ——it is we who deceive ourſelves.

Imagine yourſelf, if you can, for a moment, to be without paſſion or affection; —and, inſtead of exalting human nature, you degrade it into a machine of human conſtruction.———This ſpiritleſs, vapid, and inert ſtate of being, is a picture of the Quietiſm which occaſioned ſuch long and violent diſputes in the laſt century in France.———*Madame de Guyon*, a young and beautiful widow, had inflamed her imagination to ſuch an height as to fancy herſelf ſuperior to every paſſion and affection;—that ſhe was the actual ſpouſe of Chriſt, &c.—with many other abſurdities equally viſionary and fantaſtic.

When ſhe firſt imagined herſelf to be thus ſpiritualized, and began to declare her myſterious doctrines,—ſhe was, as I have already obſerved, a widow, and very handſome;

handſome;—and her perſonal charms, it may be very naturally ſuppoſed, afforded no ſmall aſſiſtance in procuring her a few temporary converts.———She contrived, indeed, to fill the mind of her moſt intimate friend, Father *De la Combe*, ſo full of her own unintelligible, perplexing notions, that he died in a ſtate of diſtraction;——and, for a time, ſhe even poiſoned the tender and refined genius of the amiable *Fenelon*.———But, when her beauty faded, her followers melted away; and, with her laſt confinement, her fanaticiſm was forgotten, or only remembered as an inſtance of the ſtrange caprices to which the human mind is ſubject, when deſerted by reaſon,—and under the irregular impulſe of a lively, heated imagination.

The opinion of the French philoſopher, that Hope is deceitful, is too generally adopted.———People are glad to have ſomething to which they may turn the load of thoſe cenſures which ought to fall upon themſelves;——and, therefore, are very apt to give qualities to the paſſions

which only belong to them when they are ill-directed or unreſtrained.———It is undoubtedly true,—for the beſt authority informs us,—that the heart, which is the ſpring of every paſſion, is "deceitful "above all things."———Now, if this be the caſe,—and every hour's experience brings a conviction that it is ſo,—does it not become our buſineſs, and is it not our real intereſt, ſo to regulate all its powers and principles that they may never exceed the bounds allotted them by Reaſon and by Virtue.———When our paſſions are ſuffered to take an improper bias, and to proceed, in their own way, to gratification, then they become, inſtead of real deluſions, deluſive realities, that hurry us away into exceſs and error;—not, however, from their own inherent power,—but our inattention or indulgence.

I have been led, I believe, to treat this matter with more formality, and in a graver tone than was my firſt purpoſe;—but I judge it to be neceſſary, from the knowledge and fear I have of your opi-

nions

nions in theſe matters,—and the principles of ſome fanciful, ingenious, and plauſible writers, whom I know you have ſtudied with a very particular and partial attention.———But I will endeavour to enliven the ſubject!

When I was a poor curate, and a poorer vicar in Yorkſhire, and confined, by neceſſity, to my cottage,—I cultivated, as far as the chill hand of poverty would let me, a little knowledge of painting and muſic; and was, really, a very tolerable proficient in both, conſidering my ſituation, and how unfavourable it was to ſuch elegant attainments.—At this time, whether from vanity, or what other motive, I have now forgot,—in a raſh moment, I made a promiſe to a lady that I would exert my beſt ſkill in painting a fan for her:——and when I deſired ſhe would honour me ſo far as to name the ſubject, ſhe gave me the choice of three,——Love,—Friendſhip, and Hope.

The firſt was ſo trite and common, that I, at once, paſſed it by!———The ſecond poſſeſſes ſuch complicated emblems, that any pictureſque repreſentation of it would not be eaſily underſtood!—I therefore determined upon the laſt.———The figure of Hope, as a ſimple appearance, is well known:—a tall female figure, in a flowing robe, and reſting upon an anchor, is a very obvious and familiar picture of this paſſion.———But my pencil, weak as it was, diſclaimed the idea of a ſimple repreſentation, as beneath it; and, in a vain moment, I reſolved to try my ſkill in compoſition, and diſplay the paſſion by ſome natural and pleaſing employment of it, wherein a group of figures might appear to advantage.

Various were the images which fancy held up before me for ſelection.———At one time I thought of repreſenting a man ſitting upon a rugged precipice jutting into the ſea, with Hope at his ſide, pointing to a diſtant ſail which might behold his ſignals, and tranſport him from the horrors

horrors of a deſolate iſland.———At another time I had ſketched a poor, worn-out figure of an emaciated old man, crawling towards the cave of death:——weak and feeble, he reſted upon an anchor, which Hope, who aſſiſted his tottering ſteps, might be ſuppoſed to have given him;——at the ſame time directing his attention to the ſun, which was repreſented as riſing, with great brightneſs, beyond the cavern. ——But I was not ſatisfied with allegory; —and wiſhed to adopt ſome well-known ſtory, where the paſſion is ſuppoſed to have operated to ſome purpoſe of virtue.

While this idea preponderated, Penelope, the chaſte Penelope, preſented herſelf before me, with a countenance expreſſive of a thouſand anxious wiſhes for the return of her Lord.———On this hint I began my work.———I placed the faithful Princeſs at her tapeſtry, on a fold whereof, which fell from the table, appeared the word *Ithaca*, which at once precluded explanation.——She was in the

attitude of turning her head towards Hope, who leaned upon the chair behind her, and was pointing, at the ſame time, to the work of her loom, whereby ſhe had ſo long deluded the alternate threats and entreaties of her ſuitors; while the kind directreſs turns her attention to a diſtant view of the ſea, whereon a veſſel appeared to denote the return of Ulyſſes.

This deſign I finiſhed with all my care, and gave it, with much pleaſure, into the fair hand to whoſe uſe it was dedicated.—That hand, alas! has long been mouldered into duſt;—and where this trifling, but favourite, child of mine art is transferred I cannot learn.——If I could, by any means, recover it, I would endeavour to revive its faded colours, and ſend it to thee,—at once to preſerve thy mind from the anxieties of doubt and apprehenſion,—and thy face from the burning rays of an Indian ſun.——It was my deſign,—that this fan ſhould bear a leſſon, in every breeze, to the excellent young perſon who received

received it at my hands; and ſhe oftentimes and moſt kindly told me,—that my pious deſign was more than anſwered.

Perhaps, as I am preaching, I ought to have ſupported Hope with Faith and Charity!—But Charity, I well know, is thine,—and pervades every veſſel of thy heart:—and Hope, without Faith to direct her, clings ſtill to the earth, and cannot reach the ſkies.—Take care, therefore, my dear ſiſter, and aid her flight to Heaven!

But you will ſmile and tell me,—that the laſt flirt of my fan has blown every idea of a ſermon out of your brain.——— it is a ſermon, nevertheleſs;—not for the world, I acknowledge,—but for thee!—— I am not now exerciſing my paſtoral care over my flock at large,—but on one poor ewe-lamb, who is divided from the fold. ———Open thy heart, then, to receive my inſtructions, and hope all things.—— Leaving, then, the objects of time behind us, we will make this affection to ſoar

above, and guide our hearts to an eternal world.———There is comfort, indeed, which cannot be taken away.

---Aſk that pale, dejected form why ſo full of ſorrows?——She will tell thee that the huſband of her love, the tender partner of all her joys, is ſnatched from her in the bloom of his years, and their happineſs,—and laid low in the grave!—— Enquire further,-----why ſhe turns her ſtreaming eyes to Heaven?—and ſhe will tell thee, that ſhe hopes to meet him there!

Hope is the foundation of every noble action of man! Without it,—we ſhould be without courage, perſeverance,----fortitude, induſtry, ---friendſhip, love, and even patience,—that kind and gentle virtue.———It is the life of all religion,—and chriſtianity reſts upon it.——— Without Hope, how ſore muſt be the burthen to the "heavy-laden!"——Without Hope, where can calamitous Virtue look for its balm or its recompence!—If this affection were

were to be rooted out of the heart,------ Deſpair would ever tread upon the heels of Sorrow,---and every Care would bring a poniard in its hand to deſtroy its wretched being;—while Man would become a ſelf-aſſaſſin throughout the world, ---and Nature herſelf grow pale at the horrid and bloody deſolation.

A Hope in the mercies, and a firm Truſt in the aſſiſtance of an almighty and faithful Being, will ever produce chearfulneſs, patience, and all thoſe diſpoſitions of mind which alleviate the pains and misfortunes we are not able to remove.--- May this Hope and Truſt be ever thine! ———May they ſupport thee during thy voyage,---and ſweeten every hour of thy future life!

A Being whoſe time is ſhort and uncertain, and whoſe pleaſures are, at beſt, but very precarious, has need of ſome aid to direct him to where life will be eternal, and pleaſure for evermore.

I am afraid, my deareſt child! that thou wilt have little to comfort thee in this world but the Hopes of a better.——— Reſt then upon them!-----They will be a refuge to thee in the ſtormy wind and tempeſt!———When friends forſake, and foes inſult thee,---they will be a rock of ſupport, and a powerful ſhield againſt all thine enemies!———Encouraged and ſtrengthened by them, thou wilt lay down thy weary head in peace on the grave's cold pillow;---and when thou ſhalt awake from the ſleep of death,—Hope will be no more!—its taſk will be accompliſhed,—it will have borne thee to the ſkies, and be loſt in the fruition of a bleſſed eternity.

——God grant,—and I pray, in his infinite mercy,—that this may be the happy lot of us both!

Amen!

Thus ſaith the preacher!——but I muſt haſten to a concluſion——

It

It is impoſſible for thee, Eliza, to hear from me again till you are arrived in India,——and thy happineſs and miſery in this world fully determined.—You have obeyed his commands whom it was your duty to obey.———May a cheriſhing affection, and a tender loving-kindneſs, be the reward of thy obedience!———What can I ſay more?-----I have continued writing to the laſt moment,----and yet I know not how to have done!———If thou waſt returning to England inſtead of departing from it, I might venture on a voyage to the Madeiras to meet thee, Eliza, and give thee the convoy of love, of friendſhip, to mine own home.———But that, my dear, is impoſſible,——and time preſſes on me!———I conjure thee, therefore,——and, perhaps, for the laſt time,———to love me.———Study my counſels,—reverence thyſelf, and truſt in Heaven!———Adieu,—my charming friend!———Theſe are tender moments!———but the time is not far diſtant, when thou wilt ſympathiſe

thiſe with them,—and, by thy tears, ſanctify thoſe which now guſh from the eyes of thy moſt affectionate

YORICK.

P. S. I will not ſeal my packet, 'till I have read it, or, at leaſt, ſome parts of it, to the ——— ;—and while the ſervant is gone for a chair to convey me to them,——— I ſhall make a requeſt to thee,———or rather repeat one I made to thee ſome time ago ;———That you will take theſe letters, and all that thou ſhalt receive from me hereafter, if I live to write thee any more,———with thoſe you already have in your poſſeſſion,———and having ſhaped them into a book,—write on the title-page,———Eliza's Manual, ———written by Yorick, for her daily comfort and meditation.———May it do thee good!———I truſt and believe it will.———Once more, then, fare thee well!———

well!——Peace, and comfort, and joy, my Eliza, dwell in thine heart!——Again, fare thee well!——May the bleſſings of this day be upon thee!

ELIZA *to* YORICK.

On board the Earl of Chatham, in the Downs.

SICK and heartleſs as I am, my Bramin! I ſhould not have ſat down to write to you, but that your picture, which now hangs before me, ſeems to caſt a tender look of reproach, and chide my delay.—But, under my preſent bitter oppreſſions, I cannot write, or think, or do any thing but weep,—and, when my eyes refuſe their waters,———ſigh forth my lamentations.

As I look from my cabin, I ſee the white cliffs of Albion lift their heads above the ſea, and defy its power:——but, alas, I may ſee them no more!———A friendly gleam of ſun-ſhine darts, at times, from between the clouds, and, illuminating the

the ſcene before me, gives my enraptured eye a bright proſpect of verdant fields, ſpreading thickets, and glittering ſpires.—But the rapture which ſparkles in my eye is drowned in a ſtarting tear, when the envious clouds caſt a ſhade over them all:—ſad preſage of my future deſtiny, that I ſhall never behold them again!——Once more it brightens for a moment,—and I apply to the teleſcope, which I had made ready for any favourable opportunity.——I have diſtinctly ſeen the cottage, the farm, and the village; with the happy, innocent inhabitants, buſy in their various occupations:—but my eyes are ſo weak with weeping,—that they will not bear an exertion;--and, I believe, the friendly tube will offer its future aid in vain.

—Happy ſhepherd, who feedeſt thy flock upon the mountain, and lookeſt down upon the tides below thee!——Happy art thou!——Nor winds bear thee away from thoſe who love thee,—nor does thy life ſhudder beneath the contending elements.——When the ſtorm comes,—thou hurrieſt,

rieſt, like the halcyon, to thy ſhelter in the rock;—and, when it has blown its blaſt, thou comeſt forth from thy retreat, and, ſitting upon the cliff, doſt breathe ſome pleaſant ſtrain upon thy pipe,—and thy flocks feed around thee!—Happy people! —I would that I had a cot in your village, —and that my Bramin was your Bramin: —then I would never truſt the billows of the ſea,—or the more dangerous billows of the world again,—but paſs a blameleſs life with him and you;—and, I think, we might find, together, the way to heaven.

Your letter reached the ſhip this morning at a very early hour:—and, as I did not expect any further tidings of my friends while we remained here, I had given particular and poſitive orders, as I had been of late ſo much harraſſed, that I ſhould never be diſturbed when in bed;—and they were ſo well obeyed, that the boat was returned to ſhore ſome time before I received this unexpected but welcome token of your affection:—I ſhould otherwiſe moſt aſſuredly have acknowledged, tho' it had

had been upon a card, your fond kindneſs, and your ſad farewel.---But it is now impoſſible;---for the wind is fair, and we only wait the tide to hoiſt ſail and begone. ——I make no enquiry, but, from the buſtle around me, the time, I believe, draws nigh.

Your epiſtle, my friend, is very affecting indeed!---though, could I anſwer it now,---I ſhould return you deeper ſighs, and louder lamentations.---I leave a country which I love,---and am bound for a land which I hate:---I quit thoſe ſhores where health ſmiled upon me,---and I haſten to a burning clime, whoſe noxious blaſts have already tainted me:---I leave England, where I have friends---whoſe hearts are equal to any that were ever warmed by the flood of life,---whoſe beſt ſervices and affections have been directed to me; and I go to diſtant India,---where I tremble at the precarioufneſs of theſe bleſſings.

Your

Your ſorrows are for others;---for the captive and the wretched,---the unfortunate, and the exile;---ſorrows which bear a balm along with them:—but mine are for myſelf alone.——Your grief is noble and generous;—mine is narrow and ſelfiſh,---and, great as the hoard is,—I am a very glutton, and only feed my own heart with it.——You poſſeſs a ſplendid fame, which ſhines around you,—and not a ſun ariſes from the other hemiſphere, but beholds its encreaſing brightneſs;—you poſſeſs a thouſand preſent friends, to comfort and to ſolace you in ſickneſs or diſtreſs:—but I have no fame!—I have no preſent friends;—and in ſickneſs or diſtreſs,—amid the whiſtling winds and hurrying waves,—whom has your Eliza to ſolace and to comfort her?

To Heaven, then, I turn my eyes, and implore its benign protection!

Thou merciful Father!—ſoften, if it be thy will, the ſharpneſs of thoſe ſorrows which thy juſtice has inflicted upon me!---

Thy

Thy mercy is infinite:---to thy infinite mercy I addreſs my petition,—that it may calm my troubled ſpirits,—and huſh them into peace!

—A ſmall gleam of comfort ſeems already to break in upon my heart from this ſhort invocation.——Oh, my friend! what weak, wretched, ignorant, ill-judging creatures we are, that we ſhould not ſuffer any motives to lead our thoughts to the comforts of another world, but the ſorrows of this.——Afflictions, you have often told me, are bleſſings in diſguiſe:—if this be true, early affliction may, in its effects, be rightly accounted early happineſs.——It requires, without doubt, a great ſhare of reſolution, and a very reſigned ſpirit, to be ſatisfied with this view of human ſufferings:—but great ſufferings, if properly conſidered and applied, beget the neceſſary reſolution;—and, I believe, it is a declaration in one of your ſermons,---however, I have read it ſomewhere,—that when God ſends trials, he ſends ſtrength.—While I write, I begin to find, thank Heaven! a con-

confirmation of this truth in my own breaſt, which is a reviving cordial to me.—I will ever have recourſe to it, as you have often and tenderly adviſed me, when affliction, however bold it may have grown by my ſubmiſſion, begins its work of tyranny.

Theſe, my Maſter, are the ſentiments which now flow warm from my heart;---and I hope you will not think them unworthy of your moſt grateful and obedient diſciple.——But ſome one knocks at my door,---and I am told that we are under ſail.—While, then, it is in my power, I muſt write Adieu!---The motion of the the ſhip may ſhortly affect me with its uſual violence.---Ere, then, my head grows giddy, or my hand trembles, I bid you farewel!---Believe me, I will pay a moſt dutiful obedience to all your commands!—I will read your letters every morning,---and look at your picture every hour:---thus by joining the counſels and the features of my friend together, he will be, as it were, preſent with me.

As

As I have powers and opportunity, you may be aſſured that I ſhall continue to write my Journal as you have deſired me:—and if any ſhip bound for England ſhould croſs us in our paſſage, I will endeavour, with the few ſmiles I have left, to bribe our commander, that he may ſlacken his ſails, and contrive to ſend it to you.——As I turn my eyes to my cabin-window, the blue hills of Britain ſeem already to diſappear!—I could ſay,—yes, I could ſay,—Turn, ye winds!—and linger, ye tides!—but I will change my note and ſing,—Blow, ye winds! and roll on, ye tides!—for the ſwifter you bear Eliza away, the ſooner ſhe will return to her friends, her Yorick,—and herſelf!

Adieu!

In the Channel.

AS I look upon the diſtant coaſt of France, I cannot but think of you, and thank its ſalubrious, ſouthern clime for having

having ſo frequently reſtored you to health and ſtrength.——If you find the Engliſh winter too cold for your frame, and too oppreſſive to your lungs, I hope that no conſiderations will ever induce or influence you to mope about in the fogs of London; but that you will let the Dover machine whirl you to the ſea-coaſt,—and the packet-boat take you to Calais;—from whence, in ſome eaſy chaiſe, you may ſet off to woo health where you have ſo often found her.——But my head, I believe, has caught the motion of your wheels;—ſo I muſt have done.

Off the Madeiras.

THIS is the firſt time ſince our departure from the Channel that I have been able to take up my pen for the purpoſe of ſerious writing:—a few caſual thoughts, which I was afraid of loſing, with ſome dates, &c. form the whole of my literary productions ſince that time.——The weather

weather was frequently ſo boiſterous that it was impoſſible to write;—and, at other times, I have been ſo ill and powerleſs,—that I was entirely diſabled from holding my pen.——The toſſings of the Bay of Biſcay made me ſick for a week.——However, I am now, in a great degree, recovered,---and the ſight of land, with the hopes of hearing from my friends, as they promiſed, during our ſtay at this iſland, has animated me with many comfortable and pleaſing expectations.——With the omen, therefore, of better ſpirits than Ihave known for ſome time, I begin my Journal;---and, as I ſhall write an account of all little events which have already happened, and may occur in the future part of my voyage,—to our common friends the ***, I ſhall not repeat them to you,—but confine myſelf to the affairs of my mind, and the interior ſtate of your Eliza.

To accompliſh this taſk with ſatisfaction to myſelf and to you,---and to improve and exalt my thoughts as I go along,---I ſhall, as I read your letters, enlarge upon them,

them, and ſpin out my ſlender thread from your ſolid gold.---Thus a kind of ſentimental commerce will be eſtabliſhed between us,---and, from your ſolid materials, I will employ my fancy in working up ſuch little elegant toys and ornaments as ſhall ſuit your taſte, and make you wiſh to employ me in the ſame manufacture again and again :---and, if I find your ore does not laſt my voyage, I muſt have recourſe to my cheſt of books, and borrow from thence, till I receive a freſh ſupply from you.

You know that I had read ſome of the beſt authors in the Engliſh language before I knew you ;—I mean ſuch as are, generally, recommended for women's reading. ——They delighted me,—and I thought that in the ſtudy of them I was laying in a great ſtore of elegant knowledge, and refined wiſdom.——The former might, in a very ſmall degree, be true ; but as for the latter, it was an entire fallacy ;—and I owe the diſcovery of it to yourſelf.

I was

I was no ſooner acquainted with Yorick, than I learned to make the diſtinction between the parade of fine ſentiments, dreſſed up in form, and finiſhed with labour,—and the language of the heart.———*Pope* pleaſed me with the keen thoughts, beautiful poliſh, and correct expreſſion of his Letters; nor was I leſs delighted with the lively ſtyle, and gallant turn, of the eaſy *Voiture*.——But I had not received three of yours, before I diſcarded my two favourites to the uppermoſt ſhelf of my book-caſe. ——I had ſeen Nature in every dreſs,—in the ſavage rudeneſs of the uncultivated mountain, and exquiſitely adorned by Taſte and her diſciple *Brown*;—I had beheld her warm from the pencil of *Reynolds*;—and had heard her ſpeak in a ſublime and affecting voice, in the plays of *Shakeſpeare*, when *Garrick* delivered him to the public:—but I never read the language of Nature, at once familiar, refined, and exalted, with the beſt feelings and diſpoſitions about her of which ſhe is capable,—till I knew you.

I had read and admired ſome of your writings long before I had ſeen you.—— Indeed, they poſſeſs ſome touches ſo exquiſite,---ſome pictures ſo ſtriking,—I may add, ſublime,—that an heart of adamant alone could be inſenſible to their powers: —but there were many great, very great beauties, indeed, which the knowledge of you and the being familiarized to your converſation, kindly unveiled to me: —nay, even among the more palpable and evident excellences, I now diſcerned additional ſtrength and more varied beauty; and obſerved many nice ſtrokes and hidden tints which had before eſcaped me.—— Your converſation is the beſt gloſſary to the riddles of your book.——You keep the key of the cabinet yourſelf, and it is abſolutely neceſſary to become an acquaintance in order to be admitted into it.

I am now perfectly ſatisfied that every word and ſentence you have ever written, has its *meaning* and its *moral*.—I muſt, alſo, acknowledge, that there was a time when I thought you were laughing at mankind, play-

playing upon their weakneſſes for your own emolument, and that great part of your works had neither one nor the other. —Indeed, I have met very many cunning, penetrating people, who were much diſpoſed to diſcover meanings you never had, and deep ſtrokes of ſatire which you never intended ;—and then I gave you credit for getting a good laugh at the expence of fools and witlings, and I uſed to laugh with you.——I then little thought I ſhould ever know you ; and, if an event ſo earneſtly deſired by me was ever to take place,—that I ſhould weep with you more than I ſhould laugh.——But ſo it is,—or, rather, ſo it has been :—and why may I not hope, notwithſtanding your melancholy preſagings,—that it may be ſo again?

It may not, poſſibly, be a general maxim, but I am certain of its truth in regard to many particular people, yourſelf among the reſt,—or, I ſhould rather ſay, in works of a particular kind,—that a perſonal acquaintance with the author ſerves, greatly, to illuſtrate and explain his book ;—

eſpecially where irony is a ſingular ingredient in the compoſition:—for when you are become acquainted with the manner in which a writer is uſed to treat his ſubjects; when you are familiarized to the turns of his converſation, and know his private virtues, failings and prejudices, you have, in your poſſeſſion, a better illuſtration of his works, than his own notes, or thoſe of the moſt laborious commentator, could afford you.

—An inſtance of this occurs to me, which, however pedantic it may appear, I ſhall mention, becauſe it does occur to me.——Beſides, I have Yorick's particular injunction now ſtrong in my memory and my heart, to write any-thing and every-thing to him.——My alluſion is to a very celebrated pamphlet, which, though written by an ingenious ſceptic, expreſsly againſt Revelation, made more converts to the Methodiſts than it did to Deiſm.——The author of it was not generally known, or that could not have been the caſe;—for, though the irony might have been ſo art-

fully

fully managed as not to have appeared to the common herd of readers,---yet they never would have given credit to the ſtrongeſt apparent arguments in favour of a ſyſtem which the writer was known to oppoſe and treat with the greateſt deriſion, —but would, very naturally, have imagined that there was ſome artful veil of diſguiſe, ſome thin-ſpun deſign, though they could not immediately diſcover it,--- and, therefore, throw the book aſide, with all its plauſibility, as a very ſuſpicious buſineſs.

I think it is related in the Spectator, that, when Cyrus reproached his confidential friend, to whom he had entruſted the captive Panthea, with breach of faith,---the conſcious officer calmly replied,---"That every man was compoſed of two different natures, the good and the evil:—that in every other concern and office wherein his Prince had employed him, the former had prevailed;---but in this the latter had preponderated, and led him from the path of honour and duty."———The young Per-

ſian, without doubt, had imbibed a warm glow of nature from the ſun, which he worſhipped,---and became, from thence, very ſuſceptible of the tender paſſion:--- in the charge of ſupreme beauty he failed. ———The auſtere virtue of Cyrus, who had himſelf reſiſted, though he feared, the charms of the beautiful Princeſs, might condemn his favourite;—but I ſhould have pitied and forgiven him.——You will tell me I am a woman, and that the exceſſes of love are ever venial in a female breaſt.——Nay, Yorick! you would have forgiven him,---I am ſure you would,--- and blamed your own injuſtice alone in placing your friend in a ſituation wherein you could not truſt yourſelf.——But how is it that I ſtray ſo far from my ſubject?

What different characters,—or, I ſhould rather ſay, what oppoſite diſpoſitions exiſt in the ſame perſon!—Now, I do not believe that any one can, poſſibly, point out a greater diſſimilitude in any of the general human propenſities, than yourſelf in the world,

world, and yourſelf in private ſociety;—nay, I will go farther ſtill,—than Mr. Sterne in private ſociety, and the ſame gentleman in a tête-à-tête, or with a few ſelect friends.——In the former ſituation, he is gay, airy, and loquacious;---all ſpirits, life, and whim;—full of joke, pun, and ſtory:——in a more private ſociety his ſpirits are ſomewhat purified by the flaſhes of an Attic wit:—but in a tête-à-tête he is himſelf alone,---for no one ever was or will be equal to him.——Here his wit is pure,---his ſmiles complacent,---his paſſions corrected,---his ſentiments divine.——Here I have known him;---and I would not loſe this idea of my Bramin for the wide-extending realms of *Indoſtan*, whither I am going.——Look at Mr. Sterne in the withdrawing-room at Saint James's,---at the opera,---or in any of the polite circles, and you would ſuppoſe his muſcles were ſo contrived as to be ever diſpoſed to laugh with thoſe that laugh.—Lead him, on the contrary, to the chamber of ſickneſs, or the manſion of diſtreſs,---or place him, with his handkerchief in his

hand, ſitting beſide ſome hapleſs damſel in affliction,---or take him as he is going to or returning from a viſit to his nuns, as he calls it, in Yorkſhire,---you would then ſwear to his penſive nature,---and that his whole frame was alone diſpoſed to weep with thoſe that weep.—— Oh, how much do I wiſh, and how continually do I pray, that the beſt and heavenly propenſities, which he poſſeſſes, were ever uppermoſt in the breaſt of my friend!---and that thoſe virtues in him, which I ſincerely reverence, would ſtand aloof, and prevent the beckon of fools to lead him aſtray, or the flattery of knaves to betray him!

—I know you will ſay, as you have humorouſly ſaid already, that it is a very hard thing a man may not ride what horſe he pleaſes along the King's high-road, provided he does not ſplaſh and throw dirt upon thoſe who are walking on either ſide of it;—and I have heard you add withal, that every man has a right, if he pleaſes, once in four-and-twenty hours, to put on a fool's cap, and ſhake the bells which

are

are ſewed to it, and laugh heartily when he has done, without giving reaſonable cauſe of offence to any one.——————However true this may be, Yorick, or however current it may paſs with thoſe who, provided they are made to ſmile, are contented,—there is many a grave character whoſe applauſe would do you no harm, who, however he may be pleaſed with the curvettings of an hobby-horſe, would be highly diſpleaſed to ſee a man in black on the back of it:—and permit me alſo, my dear friend, to obſerve, that, though many a merry joke may proceed innocently enough from beneath a cap with bells,—it will be matter of offence to all ſerious minds,—to ſee it upon a man in a caſſock.

—Do let me beſeech you to compleat your Triſtram Shandy as I have heard you propoſe to do it;—and confine your rare genius to works of genuine ſentiment and chaſte wit, without the leaſt ribaldry and expreſſions, at beſt, of dubious meaning.——When you write to the world, you ſhould not give it an opportunity of

interpreting for itſelf.——If there are two meanings, it is not difficult to gueſs which will be adopted: and though the groſs idea be not in your book, but in thoſe good people that think they find it there;—yet, as you have left a blank to be ſupplied from the imagination, you have given the gameſome, wandering thought an opportunity to exerciſe itſelf, ---for which there could not be the leaſt occaſion,---nor can there be a good excuſe.

You have laid your commands upon me, and I will, moſt faithfully, obey them:---in my turn, let me command, and do you obey Eliza.——In all your future writings, and many, many may there be! let the ſpirit of your *Uncle Toby*, of *Le Fevre*, and your dying *Yorick*,---of the *Monk* at *Calais*,---of poor *Maria*,---and the peaſant on the road to *Lyons*,---may that, and that alone, inſpire you to bleſs mankind, and animate you to give a fair and unſullied ſplendor to your own fame.

That

That you may accompliſh my wiſhes, and obey my commands, live leſs in the world, and more alone.——You will do juſtice to yourſelf in ſolitude; and, in ſolitude, Eliza will be leſs forgotten.——It is the lot, indeed, of humanity to err: the moſt exalted characters prove the truth of the proverb every day, and yield to fallible nature. Thus it is ordered by the wiſe Ruler and Diſpoſer of all things:—when, therefore, I read that Lord Bacon proſtituted his glorious talents by a ſervile obedience to an arbitrary Court;---when I reflect that Swift was a miſanthrope,---Wharton a debauchee,---Addiſon envious, ---and Pope ſpiteful;---when I ſee Lord * * a coward,---Lord * * a tyrant,---Lord * * the ſlave of a party,---and Mr. Sterne upon his hobby-horſe;---I naturally conclude that theſe great, ſuperior, and ſhining characters, have ſome proportionate weakneſs annexed to them, that they may not have it in their power, if they were ſo inclined, to ſport with the happineſs, and tyrannize over the liberties of their fellow-creatures.

---I wiſh,

—I wiſh, as far as I can, to reconcile everything to myſelf and my own reaſon; and this is the reflection with which I ſatisfy my mind, when I behold ſuch an amazing diſparity in the abilities and talents of men in general, and ſuch an inequality and ficklenefs in the powers and affections of the ſame individual.———It is the buſineſs of philoſophy to diſcover our weaknefſes, with the ſituation and circumſtances congenial to them, and moſt diſpoſed to call them forth; and to avoid all ſuch, however flattering they may be, as the moſt dangerous enemies of our honour and happineſs.

The Bramin ſhould live in ſolitude; for it is the friend of Genius.—There ſhe may plume her wing, and take her flight; and when ſhe drops a feather in the world, the world will wonder and admire, and flock to the mountain where ſhe builds her neſt, to behold her beauty.———And, ſurely, if one, were it but one congenial ſpirit, who, burning with deſire to ſee and know you, ſhould take up his ſtaff and make a pil-

pilgrimage to your cottage in the North, it would be more truly flattering, and redound more to your real honour, than all the idle, tranſitory praiſes of the great; the vain compliments of coxcombs; and the many invitations to dinner which you receive in the metropolis.——"To live at "a diſtance from men," ſays the charming *Fenelon*, "yet to be near enough to "do them good, is acting like a benign "deity upon earth."——Now, if there ever was a mortal being who could attain this character, thou, Yorick, art the man!——Turn, then, your thoughts to the attainment of it; and I will erect an altar to your name on the ſhores of the diſtant *Ganges*, and teach the ſwarthy Indians to worſhip you.

As you have ſhewn yourſelf ſo anxious for my happineſs, it well becomes me to be equally ſollicitous for your fame.—It is my fame alſo; for Eliza's name is in your page, and will go down to poſterity with yours.

I make

I make no apology for what I have written:—my heart diſguiſes nothing to you:—while it pants in my boſom, it will never ceaſe, I hope, to practiſe this and every other leſſon which you have taught it.——For the preſent, my Bramin, adieu!———I begin to feel that I have exerted myſelf too much; and my ſpirits begin to fail me.——But the ſea was calm, and my mind was calm; and not knowing how ſoon the tempeſt might agitate and diſturb them both, I ſnatched the only opportunity I may ever have of reaſoning coolly with my friend on a ſubject, as I conceive, of much importance to him, and which has been near my heart ever ſince I knew him.—I never expected to have accompliſhed this office of affection;—and I cannot thank Heaven enough for having permitted me to pay to you this real and unfeigned tribute of the moſt pure and grateful friendſhip.—Once more adieu!—Preſerve your health,—cheriſh it with care:—let not your ſpirits hurry you into a neglect of it.—I tremble at the thought, and a thouſand fears chill my breaſt

breaſt at the reflection.—Oh, my friend, ſhould I ſee you no more!—But I muſt have done; for, ſhould I ſuffer this idea to prevail, I ſhall relapſe: ſo, my dear Yorick, fare thee well!—If you do not guard your health, reflect how much you will have to anſwer for to the world,—to yourſelf,—to Eliza,—and to Heaven!

Friday.

HOW often, my deareſt Bramin, have I ſeen your ſarcaſtic looks, when ſome ſelf-ſufficient orator has been haranguing, in all the importance of declamation, upon the tranſient ſtate of ſublunary felicity, and the fallacy of human enjoyments!—— and when he had finiſhed his pathetic harangue, how eloquent has been your ſilence! and when every eye has been turned towards you, full of expectation that you would take up the ſubject,—with what real ſatisfaction have I ſeen you throw one leg over the other, and look at your handkerchief, as you ſat twiſting it with your

your hands, without ſuffering a word to eſcape your lips!

This conduct of yours has ſo put me out of humour with the moralizing ſtrain, that my pen has ſometimes received a check when it has been writing its little moralities to you.———But I have recollected, for my encouragement, an opinion which you once gave me to get rid of an apology I was making for my ſentimental converſation, which was,——— that, in large companies, where the ſociety muſt be of a mixed nature, and many individuals of it ſtrangers to each other, the heart ſhould be upon its guard, and not diſcloſe its ſecret treaſures; but reſerve them for the ſmall circle of thoſe friendly beings who, we know, poſſeſs feeling minds, and will make reciprocal exchanges of what is moſt exalted in their characters. There is a converſation, you obſerved, for the world, as there is a dreſs for it; and it ſhould be of a certain cut and faſhion, according to the circumſtances and ſituation wherein it may be neceſ-

ſary

ſary to put it on: but the undreſs of the mind, like that of the body, ſhould be only for the friend and our own home, where the tax of formality and ceremony are not, or, at leaſt, ought not, to be exacted.———The concluſion of your obſervation was too flattering to me to be mentioned here, though I ſhall never forget it.

Whenever, therefore, I ſit down to write to you, I cannot but conſider myſelf as alone with you and thoſe very few worthy ſpirits to whom you may think proper to communicate the ſubject of my letters. Under this idea, then, I give you the ſentiments that occur:—but as my heart cannot be otherwiſe than in a penſive ſtate, they will be ſpiritleſs and penſive alſo;——for what could I tell you of, that would bear another complexion? If an ocean undergoing the frequent changes of calm and agitation, and whoſe only apparent boundary has, for many days paſt, been the encircling horizon;—if this ſcene were to be deſcribed by me, what

what would it be to you but the ſad deſcription of my own diſtreſs? If the ſtorm was to roar beneath my pen, it would only tell you of the dangers to which I am expoſed; and if the converſation of my ſhipmates were to compoſe my epiſtles, trifles, light as air, would meet your eyes: ſo that I find myſelf fully juſtified in writing to you ſolely and entirely from my heart. Its moſt ſecret receſſes are open to your inſpection; and if you were a Romiſh Confeſſor, I ſhould not apply to any other chair but yours: my ſins would be more penitentially told to your ear; and your tongue would pronounce a ſweeter pardon.

To acknowledge an offence where forgiveneſs is a pleaſure, produces a ſatisfaction little ſhort of that which flows from virtuous actions:——nay, it is itſelf an action of the higheſt virtue; it is no leſs than treading back the ſteps, where vice was our conductor, to the good from which we had been ſeduced. This may be a painful taſk, but the end is truly noble.

ble. Indeed, repentance is enjoined by religion, and the higheſt rewards of a future world are annexed to it: but that I ſhall leave to you, who are a *maſter in Iſrael*, and know theſe things. I only meant to ſpeak of the real pleaſure which a contrite ſpirit muſt feel, when, by an acknowledgment of its error, it has regained the place in that heart from which offence had removed it.——Oh! my friend, what a glorious, ennobling office it is to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the penitent, and give peace to the repentant boſom.

Milton has finely deſcribed this ſituation when he throws *Eve* ſubmiſſive at the feet of *Adam*, imploring pardon and forgiveneſs, which he with joy beſtows.——Nothing can be more natural than this picture: indeed, the great poet is ſaid to have experienced every part of it himſelf;—— and that, in thus deſcribing the renewed affection of our firſt parents, he gave an exact repreſentation of *Mrs. Milton's* return to his boſom.

The

The falling-out of lovers, ſays the old proverb, is the renewing of love. Little circumſtances will frequently happen, from the weakneſs of human nature, to break in upon the calm ſtate of mutual affection;——nay, I rather think that the heart, devoted to one object, becomes, by inſenſible degrees, more eaſily affected by any untoward action, however trifling, in proportion as that devotion encreaſes. We form expectations, oftentimes, of the moſt unintereſting nature; theſe are not gratified, and uneaſineſs enſues.——The one party, having dwelt long upon them, has already raiſed them into matters of importance: the other, having never conſidered them at all, cannot be brought to think the neglect of them as an offence worthy of reproaches. Thus a mutual diſſatisfaction takes place, 'till they find the want of each others ſmiles and careſſes; and then the one begins to think the requiſition too much, while the other is ſatisfied that it ought to have been granted,—and they fly into each other's arms, more fond and enamoured than ever.——

Theſe

Theſe are rapturous moments!——But when love is matured by time and experience,—when mutual confidence is fixed upon the firm and unalterable baſis of ſteady affection,—then the heaven of this world commences; and they who have arrived at this ſtate of united love, go on, like the ſun, through a cloudleſs ſky, and ſet in the ſerene evening of a ſummer's day.

Here I heave a ſigh; for I am deſcribing a lot which can never be mine. If you were a young man, I might wiſh it to be yours.——But wherefore ſhould I throw away a wiſh upon the matter? For your glories will illuminate the horizon for ages after their parent orb has ſunk beneath it, and is gone, perhaps, to enlighten other worlds.

The Madeiras.

IT has ſo happened, that ſome days have paſt ſince I added a line to my journal;

nal; and it is time, from a conſideration of my engagement to you, as well as the comfort it affords myſelf, to reſume the pleaſing labour.

The uniform progreſs of the day, and, indeed, the uniformity of my ſentiments with reſpect to you, render it a matter of ſome difficulty to give the variety to my letters which I could wiſh.——I have already told you it was my intention to make yours the ſubject of my daily meditation,—and the ground-work of every thing I ſhould write to you. But I have changed my plan, and ſhall reſerve that employment for ſome of the chearleſs hours I am deſtined to know, when it will be, perhaps, my only ſource of conſolation.

At preſent I am not more happy than I have been of late, but leſs unhappy.—I do not know whether you will underſtand me; but I perfectly underſtand myſelf, and believe the deſcription to be juſt.——My ſpirits are much better than they

they have been ſince I left England, or, moſt probably, than they will be again.—The ſetting my foot upon firm ground,—the meeting with ſome hoſpitable, good people of my own country,—the recovery from a painful ſickneſs, which had almoſt deſtroyed me,—a warm ſun,—the expectation of hearing from thoſe I ſo dearly love, and of poſſeſſing the means whereby I may tell them ſo once more,—has, indeed, greatly revived me.——The perſon who is drowning, catches at every ſtraw which floats upon the wave that threatens to overwhelm him;—and, in the changes of life, it often happens, that thoſe things which, in the hey-day of enjoyment, never caught our eye, or ſeemed to have claim to the leaſt attention, become the ſupports of a decaying happineſs.——This is an wholeſome leſſon, and I hope to profit by it.

The children of proſperity are, in general, ſo attentive to themſelves and their own pleaſures, that they do not afford very frequent examples of a wiſe ſubmiſſion

to

to adverſe fortune, when adverſe fortune lays her hand upon them.——The eye, while it wanders over the fruitful meadows, and the ſwelling lawns, ſhould not diſdain the barren ſcene, and the dreary heath.——There are beauties in all, and it ſhould endeavour to diſcover them:——for, though the ſwelling lawns are now our own, the time may not be far diſtant, when a cottage on the heath may be our only habitation;—and he who was under the influence of wiſdom in the poſſeſſion of the one, however great the change may be, will be certain of finding contentment in the other.

I believe there is a ſtrong bias and propenſity in the heart of man, if vanity and ignorance did not pervert them, to accommodate itſelf to the changes and chances of life; and that the mind poſſeſſes a power, if preſumption on the one hand, and deſpondency on the other, did not controul and weaken it, to extract the ſweet drop which is ever to be found in the bittereſt cup of affliction.

To

To contemplate his own nature, the wonders of his form, the powers of his mind, the happineſs whereof he is capable, the means given him to attain it, and the end to which it is directed, is alone ſufficient to make man happy.——Few, I fear, enjoy ſo much happineſs as they might, tho' we are all of us capable of being as happy as we ought.——This may be eaſily proved, without entering into the depths of abſtract enquiry, by making the foregoing points the ſubject of our impartial conſideration.——If we were to direct our minds to ſuch objects as theſe, we ſhould ſoon diſcover that the happineſs whereof man is capable, is moſt perfectly adequate to the nature of his being, which is finite; his exiſtence in the world, which is uncertain; and his advancement to that ſtate for which he is created, which is immortal.—— But, without attending to little and ordinary diſputations, there is one grand argument which, as it were, engulphs all others up-

on the ſubject.———That the world is governed by the Wiſeſt and Beſt of Beings; and that he made us, and not we ourſelves.——This ſatisfies me at once, without farther enquiry.———Indeed, it is a principle ſo evident in itſelf, and of ſuch encouraging conſideration, that, if paſſion did not blind their eyes, and a falſe wiſdom ſeduce them from the love of plain, ſimple truth, men would reſt upon this foundation with a certain and conſcious ſecurity.——But, though it is ſo eaſy, and, one would think, ſo natural for the eye to look upwards, where there is help, and truth, and comfort, how apt are we to fix it upon the duſt which blinds it!

My indiſpoſition to company, and the being as much alone as my preſent ſituation will permit, has naturally led me into the habit of private reflection;—and, ſmall as the ſample has hitherto been, I begin to derive ſome ſweet and tender pleaſures

ſures from it, which I have ſeldom known in thoſe purſuits and employments that are generally ſuppoſed to produce them.—— What a reſource, my friend, does the mind poſſeſs, that, when every-thing lours around us, we may retire from the injuſtice of the world, the falſhood of friends, and the ſtrife of tongues, into ourſelves, and be happy!——The ſtar that glitters on the breaſt, the ribbon that hangs from the ſhoulder, and the plume that trembles on the creſt, are vain, even to the vain owners of them, if there is not a crowd to gaze, to wonder, and to bow down.—— The man who reſts for happineſs on his own mind, acquires ſo real and ſubſtantial an independence, that I much wonder our pride, which tries ſo many roads to ſuperiority, does not ſometimes venture upon this.———The contemplative man finds more real dignity in his ſhadow, than one half of thoſe who, big with ſelf-importance, are ſtrutting about on the theatre of life:—or, as Mr. Addiſon better expreſſes it, "the evening's walk of a wiſe man is

" more illuſtrious in the ſight of Heaven " than the march of a general at the head " of an hundred thouſand men." This is a moſt beautiful picture of contemplative virtue, and I hope my Yorick will realize it every fine evening of his future life.

As this diſpoſition is ſuch a certain ſource of happineſs, I doubt not but there is in the mind a natural bent to it; and a little thought convinces me that my conjecture is not erroneous.

When the Emperor *Charles the Fifth* expreſſed his ſurprize at the requeſt of one of his braveſt captains to be diſcharged from his ſervice, to which he had long been an honour and an example, the officer replied, " That, between the actual exerciſe " of his profeſſion and his death, a ſoldier " ought to have ſome interval for reſt and " contemplation."——This reply is very memorable: nor is that inſcription leſs worthy our attention, which one of the

ſame

ſame character, who had retreated from it ſeven years before he died, ordered at his death to be placed on his tomb,— "That he had been many years in the "world, but had lived only ſeven."

The ſtateſman, amid the arduous, the honourable labours of government, looks towards his retreat with pleaſure.——The man of gain ſays, When I have amaſſed ſuch a ſum, I will leave my buſineſs to my children, buy a farm, and paſs the evening of my life in the happy employment of cultivating it; ſecuring, by theſe means, peace and tranquillity to my latter days.

Theſe views or deſires all ariſe from that principle of the mind for which I contend, though it appears in different forms, according to the difference of education and profeſſion.——But it is the ſame inherent diſpoſition, however it may be modified by external circumſtances and events,

which leads the wiſe man to his evening-walk,—takes the courtier from the levee,—and accompanies the tradeſman to his country-houſe.——They muſt be little ſpirits, indeed, who envy the gilded chariot, the liveried train, and the diamond's blaze, without ever looking towards an emulation of that man's virtues who has learned to think and act aright.

If there is any ſuperiority of happineſs in the vaſt and varied crowd of human characters, it muſt belong to the ſober child of rational Contemplation:—if Nature has diſpoſed him to it, he ſhould be grateful to Nature;—and if the ſevereſt frowns of Fortune have been the means of making him think with wiſdom, he may call them ſmiles, and bow him down before her altars.—The mind of man, however comprehenſive its powers may be, and whatever activity it may poſſeſs in the exertion of them, when it has taken its flight round the ordinary circuit of human enquiry, finds reſt

and

and ſatisfaction alone in the ſublime offices of Contemplation.

Science is a fine name, and Wiſdom is a word on every-body's tongue; and what numbers there are who think names and words will give them importance, and lead to happineſs!—Alas! alas! how ſplendid is the ignorance of ſome men, and with what care and coſt do they adorn it!—— As their different follies prevail, ſome buckle their wiſdom, ſuch as it is, in armour, and render it impregnable by entrenchments of hard words, and knotty points: ——while others cull every daiſy from the bank, and every lily from the valley; diſtil every odorous flower of the garden to perfume and ſweeten it, and even extract eſſence from the dew to waſh it into fairneſs and beauty.—Thus dreſſed and adorned, they hang out their puppets for admiration; and when a few paſſing fools grin a ſtupid applauſe, they are ſatisfied.

The multitude is not great, I believe, of thoſe who think at all; but they who think aright are, I fear, but very few in number.——The right government of our thoughts is one of the moſt difficult as well as nobleſt attainments of human nature: it ſeems, indeed, to include the whole of human excellence. It is a ſcience which ſchoolmaſters cannot teach, wherein books give but little aſſiſtance, and which chiefly depends upon our own ſagacity, reſolution, and perſeverance.

To direct the ſoul in the various ſublime operations whereof it is capable, muſt be the reſult of much experience and patient inveſtigation. To make it ſoar above the flight of paſſion, and diſentangle it from the weight of material influence, is the buſineſs and perfection of philoſophy. To ſtudy our ſpiritual nature, its ends and its objects, requires the ſtill ſolitude of retired days; where, undiſturbed, the thinking man may take his evening walk of wiſdom, while the ſtars glitter approbation, and

and the moon lights her lamp upon his meditations.——And ſweet ones they muſt be!——for, as Dr. Young beautifully expreſſes it,

"The ſoul, in converſe with its God, is Heaven."

—I have done, and you may add this to the other Eſſays of an unfortunate Indian Lady, if my incoherences may be allowed that title. And I have done in time, for there is notice given me of a ſail from England.——Thank Heaven! I ſhall ſoon hear of my friends.———I am going upon deck to watch the arrival of the propitious veſſel which brings me tidings of thoſe I love.

Monday.

EXISTENCE and diſappointment are ſynonimous terms;—they mean the ſame thing.——Do not wonder at my impatience; the Engliſh veſſel which arrived

laſt night has brought no tidings of you. ——I cannot doubt my friends;—but having ſo weak a phalanx to ſupport my happineſs, every thing intrudes unmoleſted, as it were, upon my peace.——By turns I have ſuſpected every-thing and everybody: even you have not eſcaped; and at the very moment, perhaps, when you were meditating ſome action of kindneſs to me, I was baſely arraigning you of inſincerity, of forgetfulneſs, of unkindneſs. ——You ſee I hide nothing from you; tho' I am almoſt perſuaded that it is a real imprudence not to diſguiſe ſentiments which are a diſgrace to myſelf, and can afford you no pleaſure in the information: —but I wiſh to eſtabliſh in your mind a poſitive and unchangeable opinion of my ſincerity.——To effect this deſirable purpoſe, it is neceſſary to give proofs that I deſerve ſuch a favourable idea of me. When, therefore, I expoſe my weakneſſes to your inſpection, eſpecially as I have now done it, there cannot remain a doubt in your breaſt that I ever deceive you, or

practice

practiſe even the moſt trifling fallacy when I am writing to you.———Believe me I do not, when I tell you how much I am diſappointed and diſſatisfied at not hearing from you by this ſhip; though I am not informed whether ſhe could have brought any letters or not. Beſides, ſeveral others are daily expected; and why ſhould I not wait their arrival before I ſuffer any gloomy doubts or apprehenſions to depreſs my ſpirits?——Alas! alas! it is becauſe I am a child, and ſuffer every idle fancy to frighten and diſtreſs me.——Reaſon is againſt me;—fact, I truſt, and verily believe, is not for me:—why, then, ſhould I doubt a moment?——Oh! 'tis inexcuſeable folly—It is indeed!—But you are good, my Bramin, and will forgive the follies of

Your ELIZA.

Wedneſday.

Wedneſday.

YOUR letters are now before me! They are wet with the tears of joy: I cannot anſwer them. What ſhall I write? ——Your goodneſs oppreſſes me; and my heart ſwells with obligation and gratitude. The deſire I have of expreſſing my feelings is ſo great, that it conſumes itſelf and proves abortive. If my tears could mark the paper, I would write with them; and they could only tell you that the ſenſations you wiſhed your journal ſhould excite in me were realized in my very ſoul. I cannot reward you; but Heaven, which inſpired the deed of pity, will give you a recompence.

O my friend! my counſellor! my father! ſoon the ſame quarter of the globe will not contain us!——nay, in a few weeks, if you had the wings of an eagle, you would not find me in this hemiſphere. I go to the moſt diſtant parts

parts of the world, and, in the other extremity of it, gracious Heavens!———I leave my children.

This is a ſtring of miſery which I have not touched before. Hitherto I have endeavoured to turn from it; for anguiſh, bitter anguiſh, is in its ſound: ———ſuch intolerable thoughts accompany it,—that, were they to be indulged, I know not whither they would hurry me; they might plunge me into the waves, and there bury Eliza and her diſtractions together.

Wilt thou not, Yorick! oftentimes viſit mychildren?—Oh, tell them of their unfortunate mother!—Teach them to love and cheriſh the remembrance of her!—Make them weep and lament her abſence; and, holding up their little hands to Heaven, pray for her return!—The prayers of innocence may reach the throne of mercy, and prevail.

Gracious

Gracious Heaven, protect and preſerve them! Give thine angels an eſpecial charge over their tender years! Cheriſh their growing virtues! Raiſe them up friends; for their friend is far from them! ——Be a father unto them, for they are as orphans, and know not their father!—He is on a diſtant ſhore, and their baniſhed mother cannot embrace them.———And, if it is decreed by thy providence that they ſhall not ſee me again, grant, in thy mercy, that I may have the gracious aſſurance of meeting them in another world, where the pangs of ſeparation will afflict no more!

To the benign protection of Heaven I leave their defenceleſs innocence; and may the God of Heaven reward thoſe with its choiceſt bleſſings, who, from the impulſe of a tender pity, or for the love they bear their wretched mother, ſtretch forth their hands to cheriſh and defend them!

In

In the beginning of this page, joy, a ſudden thoughtleſs joy, had unlockt every fountain of my tears; and now a thirſty ſorrow drinks them dry. Oh that they were———

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.